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ELIZ. K. TATUM



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Dear Josh,

It is always good to hear of you, and especially to hear from you. I hear of you more than you hear of me, but I keep putting along in my placid way in more or less the same groove. I did manage to have 5 vacations last year between February and October - none of them longer than 2 weeks, some as short as 4 days, but all with some fun. The best was at an old-fashioned lodge in the midst of a private forest preserve in the midst of the Adirondack State Park. It was remote, unspoiled, and tranquil.

To switch back to 1941 when we went to Stanford - Francis had planned to work with Douglas Whitaker, as you know, expecting to continue with the frogs he had been using for his thesis. I don't remember that he was to use Fucus. But Doug had been made Dean and was hardly ever in the lab, although he had Gus Doerrman working for him (using Oryzias, if I recall correctly. Anyway, a fish.)

Beadle and Tatum were working at that time in the same basement of Jordan - down the hall and to the right, but close enough that some news of what they were doing trickled down the hall. Francis got immensely excited by the new direction they were taking with Neurospora, and wanted to get into it himself. Whitaker gave his permission to switch without hesitation, since the ^{frog} research did not really concern him. Beadle, however, was somewhat reluctant to let this pushy New Yorker into his work. F.J. used to tell about this this way - as if Beets were worried about this fresh kid from outside barging in on their work. But Francis suggested doing some time-temperature work, which they were not into at all, and so he was permitted to join the group, in a way. Soon, David Bonner and Norm Horowitz came to join Beadle, along with others and they then went into their Penicillium-growing phase after we left in 1942.

I was in the lab much of the time, but as I was never much good as a researcher, I can only guess that I was just another pair of hands. I raised a pair of abandoned baby hummingbirds that spring, and I remember that more than the work!

We arrived at Stanford in September 1941 and left in September 1942, probably. I doubt that we left earlier, but it was ^{still} so hot on the way home, by a southern route, that the patches melted off our old patched tubes - once, twice, three or four times a day! Of course we replaced them all with hot patches eventually, and even got some retreads to get us home, but tires were war matériel, and nothing decent was to be found. The trip home was horrid.

You are right, it was a National Research Council fellowship that sustained us that year (at the rate of \$2200 for the year, I believe). The application might tell us what his proposed work was to be, but would it give you any more interesting material? Do you want me to approach them? ^{OK?} Is there anyone I should address? I'll be glad to do whatever you suggest.

I'm often not at home, Josh, and right now I'm on jury duty which has involved me in a rather trivial but lengthy case. But if you need to reach me, keep trying. Or drop a line again. Hope all the Lederbergs are well and happy.

Yours - Elizabeth -